

Individual Fellowships

FISCAL YEAR 2000 FACTS AND FIGURES Individual Fellowships

LITERATURE FELLOWSHIPS

Number of Grants

Awarded: 41

Dollar Amount of Grants

Awarded: \$820,000

AMERICAN JAZZ MASTERS FELLOWSHIPS

Number of Grants

Awarded: 3

Dollar Amount of Grants

Awarded: \$60,000

NATIONAL HERITAGE FELLOWSHIPS

Number of Grants

Awarded: 13

Dollar Amount of Grants

Awarded: \$130,000

The National Endowment for the Arts funds individual artists through its fellowship programs: Literature, American Jazz Masters, and National Heritage Fellowships. All fellowship recipients must be U.S. citizens or permanent residents. Literature Fellowships in poetry, prose, and translation are awarded competitively to writers of exceptional promise. The American Jazz Masters and National Heritage Fellowships are awarded, based on nominations, to master artists with distinguished careers.

LITERATURE FELLOWSHIPS

To keep our nation's literary heritage strong and vibrant, the NEA has supported American authors for the past 33 years with \$36 million in Literature Fellowships to more than 2,300 writers. These grants provide crucial financial assistance that allows emerging writers the time to focus on their writing at critical early stages of their careers. Simultaneously, they give writers national recognition and validation of their talent. Past winners of Literature Fellowships have included such award-winning writers as John Irving, Richard Ford, Alice Walker, and Jane Hamilton.

The success of the Literature Fellowships is impressive: 34 of the 44 recipients of the National Book Award, National Book Critics Circle Award, and Pulitzer Prize in Poetry and Fiction since 1990 have received NEA fellowships. All but two received their Literature Fellowships before these major national awards, usually 10 to 20 years earlier.

This year's Literature Fellowships are for Prose (Prose and Poetry fellowships alternate years). Of the 908 applications received, 35 writers from 20 states and the District of Columbia were awarded \$20,000 grants. In addition to the creative writing fellowships, every year Literature Fellowships are awarded for translation projects to translate literary works written in foreign languages into English (alternating between fiction and poetry to coincide with the creative writing fellowships). The art of literary translation has made available to the American public some of the most important literature in the world, from the ancient poetry of Ovid to the present-day fiction of Gabriel García Márquez. In 2000, 36 applications for Translation in Prose grants were received, of which six translators in five states were awarded grants.

Creative Writing Fellowships—Prose

Samuel J. Atlee Lancaster, PA	Nora O. Keller Waipah, HI	Rosa Shand Spartanburg, SC
Pinckney Benedict Roanoke, VA	Marilyn Krysl Boulder, CO	Cynthia Sabin Shearer Oxford, MS
Jane Bernstein Pittsburgh, PA	Linda Mannheim Miami, FL	Mark Slouka New York, NY
Mark Thomas Brazaitis Washington, DC	Ben Marcus Providence, RI	Lynn M. Stegner Santa Cruz, CA
Wendy Brenner Wilmington, NC	Stephen Daniel Marion Dandridge, TN	Beth K. Sulit Devon, PA
Susan Choi Brooklyn, NY	Lee Martin Denton, TX	Joan Tollifson Oakland, CA
Charlotte M. Choyt Lee, NH	Nicola Faith Mason Baton Rouge, LA	Brady Udall Lancaster, PA
Lawrence Coates Cedar City, UT	Wendell Mayo Jr. Haskins, OH	Curtis Keith White Normal, IL
Sharon Dilworth Pittsburgh, PA	Christina L. Mazza Elmhurst, IL	Liza Wieland Fresno, CA
Alyson Hagy Laramie, WY	Peter Najarian Berkeley, CA	
Gary W. Hawkes Williamsport, PA	Karen Palmer Boulder, CO	
Rachel Kadish Cambridge, MA	Peter Rock Philadelphia, PA	
Timothy G. Keane Mt. Vernon, NY	Heather Laurie Sellers Holland, MI	



Susan Choi. (Photo by Marion Ettlinger)

From *The Foreign Student* (a novel)

by Susan Choi

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Mrs. Wade, the Strake House Mother, asked if he knew how to ride a bicycle and when he said yes she presented him with a blue three-speed Schwinn. It had been left behind in the basement one year. On the first day of classes he rode it to the quad with the tails of his jacket flapping behind and his hair sticking up off his head in the wind like a cock's comb. If you had asked him one month earlier whether or not he could imagine himself arriving for his first actual day as an American student with twin sweat stains under his arms, and the cuffs of his pants crumpled up where he'd had them stuffed into his socks, and his notebooks tied onto the rack of a ratty blue bicycle, he would have been dumbfounded. But for that past month he had been alone, and exploratory. He took an English grammar with him but he never really opened it. Instead he watched the mist from the sprinklers scattering small rainbows over the quad, or the groundskeepers trundling wheelbarrows. He learned the layout of buildings by heart. There was always the whine of a lawnmower coming from somewhere on campus. Wandering through the woods where they were wild he would just start to think himself lost when the faint lawnmower sound would be carried to him like a beacon. A deserted university in August can feel like a paradise. He grew tired of anticipating his various arrivals and dating his life from a moment that would not stop receding further into the future. And so by the time the term finally began he had acquired an odd proprietary arrogance. He was dirty and in love with everything and in possession of secrets, and when he came up the flagstone walk pushing his Schwinn he did not care what anyone thought of him.



(Photo courtesy of Nicola Mason)

From "About Breakfast" (short story)

by Nicola Mason

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What if she found a dead body in the woods? Maeve asked herself. What must it be like to find a Dead Body in the Woods? Besides awful, of course. But the awfulness might be tempered by certain things. For one, how long the corpse had been there, Maeve thought, lingering on the idea of *corpse*. How long it had been there Steaming in the Sweltering Heat. Then it would just be disgusting, maybe not recognizable as a human corpse at all, maybe just a nasty mess, an Ungodly Melt Of Smelly Mess.

Maeve was on her third beer, and she was a one-beer woman, a social-beer woman who always had to stop herself from making a little moue at the first taste of her first and only social beer. Little moues were fine when you were sixteen and on a date. When you didn't want the boy to know you'd had plenty of beers because that would imply you'd had plenty of dates and then he'd think you a different kind of girl altogether, a backseat sort of girl, and then you'd miss out on the movie. Maeve had never missed out on a movie. But now she was fifty. Five-Oh. And moues seemed silly indeed, especially to four-beer men like Jim, her husband, who thought her moues disingenuous, who thought them unbecomingly coy for a woman of Five-Oh.

But if the corpse were fresh. That would be different. If it were *warm*, even, not from the sun aiming its Dead-Body Spotlight through the trees, but from the life's blood not yet finished cruising its familiar throughways, the blood cells still circling the body's various parking decks, or maybe idling, but the ignition still on, the air running, the radio burbling but indistinct. *That* would be different.

What would she do then? Well, it would depend, Maeve decided. She was sitting on her porch steps, gazing out at her prosperous street, at her neighbors lodging their lawn implements in garages for the night, at her garden blowy with late-summer blooms that suddenly sickened her, paired with the thought of the corpse. Bloom. Corpse. Blooming corpse. But it was. Blooming. The idea of it. A corpse ripe for the picking. She made a moue. But she was surprised at herself. That she could think such things. And surprise brought pleasure. And with this came the stirrings of understanding.

From “The Siesta” (short story) by Edgar Brau

Translated from Spanish by Donald A. Yates

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Seated on the dirt floor, the young boy wiped away the saliva from his lips and looked up at his grandfather, who was dozing in a hammock chair facing the doorway. The sounds of the clucking hens in the back yard and the rattle of dishes that his grandmother was washing in the next room were clearly carried on the hot, humid air. The noise and the heat easily penetrated into the room through the loosely fitted slats of the door, making the old man’s slumber seem imperturbable. The boy decided to try raising his voice a little.

“Grampa, tell me where you put the ball. Can you hear me, Grampa?” he repeated wearily, his gaze cast down on the stick he was using to dig at the earthen floor.

A deep sigh was the only response from the grandfather, who finally relaxed completely as his head tilted forward.

“Don’t make me think you’re sleeping, Grampa,” the boy said in his louder voice as he reached towards the chair.

But unexpectedly the door opened and the sudden light forced him to close his eyes.



(Photo courtesy of Donald A. Yates)

“Don’t bother your grandfather. Let him sleep,” his grandmother said softly as she walked past him. She went over to a mirrored closet door next to the metal-frame bed, which was where the child slept at night.

The boy lowered his head and kept on digging.

The woman took an armful of clothing from the closet and turned back. The light from the hallway filtered in through the half-opened door and outlined the figures of the old man and the boy. The season of most oppressive heat had not yet arrived, but the woman’s husband had already sought out the coolness of that mud-walled, thatch-roofed room at the back at the house next to the kitchen. The siesta was in part a compensation for his nights of unrelenting insomnia. There was a slight movement from the man in the chair and the boy began digging with more determination.

The woman leaned back against the closet door and looked down at the boy. He sensed her gaze and moved his body slightly, hiding from her view the pile of dirt that he had dug up. The woman smiled tenderly and experienced again the things she felt whenever her attention lingered on him—pity, sympathy. Less on the child’s account, in truth, than for herself and her husband. This was their grandson, a creature with teary eyes who still soiled himself and had saliva constantly forming at the corners of his mouth. A kind of animal almost, the product of the whim of a passing stranger and the fear of spinsterhood of a simple country girl, her daughter. What is more, a daughter from whom they had heard nothing for years until she suddenly reappeared to leave them with the fatherless child, which no school would ever accept.

Translation Fellowships

Wanda Johanna Boeke
Iowa City, IA

Margaret E. W. Jones
Lexington, KY

Richard N. Philcox
New York, NY

Sergio Gabriel Waisman
San Francisco, CA

Willard L. Wood
Norfolk, CT

Donald A. Yates
St. Helena, CA

AMERICAN JAZZ MASTERS FELLOWSHIPS

Jazz is one of the great American artistic inventions of the 20th century, continuing to enrich our cultural heritage into the new millennium. The NEA recognizes the importance of this musical tradition with the American Jazz Masters Fellowships. These fellowships honor living jazz masters for their artistic excellence and impact on the music field. American Jazz Masters, named each year since 1982, form a veritable jazz hall of fame, including such luminous past members as Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Sarah Vaughan, and David Brubeck. This year's recipients of the \$20,000 awards, presented by Chairman Ivey at the annual International Association of Jazz Educators conference, were pianist and composer-arranger John Lewis, alto saxophonist and jazz educator Jackie McLean, and pianist and composer-arranger Randy Weston.



John Lewis.
(Photo courtesy of the
International Association
of Jazz Educators)

John Lewis, Pianist/Composer-Arranger

John Lewis played jazz for more than 55 years, but made his most important contributions as musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, formed in 1952. MJQ's unique mix of jazz with European classical sensibilities quickly made the group one of the most popular in jazz. MJQ's success revolved around Lewis' compositions, such as *Django*, his tribute to jazz guitarist Django Reinhardt. In addition, Lewis composed for films, ballets, stage plays, and television documentaries, with a discography of more than 100 recordings. Since the mid-1970s, when MJQ disbanded, Lewis had held teaching positions at City College of New York and Harvard University.



Jackie McLean.
(Photo by Pierre DuFour)

Jackie McLean, Alto Saxophonist/ Jazz Educator

Throughout the 1950s, Jackie McLean performed and recorded with a number of leading jazzmen, including Charles Mingus and Art Blakey, honing his talents to become one of the masters of the free jazz sound evolving from bebop. "When I was receiving the mantle from all the musicians I had idolized," McLean said, "I didn't realize that what they were doing was making sure the music was put into the hands of younger people so it can be carried on." McLean continued that tradition by establishing the Artists Collective, Inc. in Hartford,

Connecticut in 1970, a cultural center that serves inner-city youth. He also teaches at the Hartt College of Music at the University of Hartford, developing the jazz degree program.

Randy Weston, Pianist/Composer- Arranger

Starting his career working with the rhythm and blues bands of Bull Moose Jackson and Eddie Vinson, Randy Weston has become one of the premier pianists and composers in jazz. His strong interest in African cul-



Randy Weston.
(Photo by Carol Friedman)

ture and music led to hybrids of jazz with African rhythms and instrumentations. "For me, the most compelling aspect of African culture is its music," said Weston, "magnificent in its power and diversity with drums—African rhythms—always at the heart." Many of Weston's compositions, such as *Berkshire Blues* and *Hi-Fly*, have become indelible jazz standards.



Chairman Bill Ivey presents Konstantinos Pilarinos with a National Heritage Fellowship. (Photo by John Harrington)

NATIONAL HERITAGE FELLOWSHIPS

“The Arts Endowment’s National Heritage Fellows,” Chairman Ivey has stated, “are extraordinary artists who have dedicated their lives to revitalizing, celebrating, and preserving this country’s living cultural heritage.” The 2000 National Heritage Fellowships, the country’s most prestigious honor in the folk and traditional arts, were awarded to 12 artists from nine states and Puerto Rico. Artists ranged from the sweet, soulful singing of the gospel quartet the Dixie Hummingbirds to the Byzantine icon woodcarving of Konstantinos Pilarinos, from the Puerto Rican craft of hammock weaving by Jose Gonzalez to the Delta blues piano playing of Pine-top Perkins. The NEA honors these performers and craftspeople, representing a rich cross-section of America’s many diverse cultures, for their achievements as artists, teachers, innovators, and guardians of traditional art forms.

In 2000, a new fellowship was created, the Bess Lomax Hawes Award. Named for the esteemed folklorist who created the National Heritage Fellowship program, it recognizes individuals who have made major contributions to the excellence, vitality, and public appreciation of the folk and traditional arts through teaching, collecting, advocacy, and preservation work. The first such award was given to record producer and founder of Arhoolie Records, Chris Strachwitz.

National Heritage Fellows

Bounxou Chanthraphone <i>Laotian Weaver</i> Brooklyn Park, MN	Santiago Jimenez, Jr. <i>Tejano Accordionist/ Singer</i> San Antonio, TX	Konstantinos Pilarinos <i>Orthodox Byzantine Icon Woodcarver</i> Astoria, NY
Dixie Hummingbirds <i>Gospel Quartet</i> Philadelphia, PA	Genoa Keawe <i>Native Hawaiian Singer/Ukulele Player</i> Honolulu, HI	Chris Strachwitz <i>Record Producer/Label Founder</i> El Cerrito, CA
Felipe Garcia Villamil <i>Afro-Cuban Drummer</i> Los Angeles, CA	Frankie Manning <i>Lindy Hop Dancer/Choreographer</i> Corona, NY	Dorothy Thompson Weaver Davis, WV
Jose Gonzalez <i>Hammock Weaver</i> San Sebastian, Puerto Rico	Joe Willie “Pinetop” Perkins <i>Blues Piano Player</i> La Porte, IN	Don Walser <i>Western Singer/Guitarist</i> Austin, TX
Nettie Jackson <i>Klickitat Basketmaker</i> White Swan, WA		



Royal doors of Temple of Koimisis Tis Theotokou in Erie, Pennsylvania, carved by National Heritage Fellow Konstantinos Pilarinos. (Photo courtesy of Konstantinos Pilarinos)